

# Coming Home

by Frederick Smock

I can hear you coming home from yoga  
by the progression of dogs barking down the alley  
the big chow on the corner with the deep woof  
the greyhound next door who cries piteously  
and downstairs the landlady's annoying dachshund  
that barks at everything up to and including the sky  
the dachshund barks you through the gate  
across the lawn up the rickety stairs  
you duck your lovely head under the honeysuckle  
growing wildly up and over our back stoop  
in late summer perfuming our whole apartment  
the dachshund stops barking and maybe you  
have paused to examine the herbs  
growing in their little box maybe to tilt one's  
face toward your own and maybe  
give each other a pensive smile